It is when the coffee is being drunk and the cigar smoke curls over the table and rises in a fragrant cloud above the heads of & lew friends that the men who helped in the winning of the West like to settle back in their chairs and tell about it-not about the great deeds always, nor about the scenes which are in the history books, but about the little experiences and troubles. the humors and the little tragedies, which went to make up the day's work. Jacob R. Casselberry is such a man, and the occasions when his friends ply him with a question or two, just to get him started, are just such occasions of intimate reminiscence, which bring the atmosphere, to use a much abused term, home to the men who were not a part of the westward move-

Mr. Casselberry was for many years in the dry goods business in Philadelphia, being the head of the retail firm of J. R. Casselberry & Co. in Eighth street, and a member of the firm of Pollack, Casselberry & Co., wholesalers, on Market street. In 1875 President Grant appointed him trader at Standing Rock, now Fort Yates, a post on the western bank of the Missouri River, about 100 miles south of Bismarck, and at Fort Stephenson, 100 miles northwest of Bismarck. With Mr. Casselberry was associated the President's brother, Orville The appointment to Fort Stephenso

was declined, but the other was accepted, and Mr. Casselberry made two trips a year out to Standing Rock during the four years he ran the post. It is of what he saw on these trips to look over his Western venture that Mr. Casselberry likes to speak. At the time of his first trip to Bismarck

there were no passenger trains on the Northern Pacific between Fargo and Bismarck, but the few passengers rode in the caboose attached to the freight train, which made the trip twice a week, A little while after leaving Fargo, with the train running at full speed-about fifteen miles an hour-Mr. Casselberry spied a prairie wolf sitting on his haunches near the track, and watching the train.

The train was stopped, with no hesitation on the part of the conductor, while Mr. Casselberry jumped off with his rifle. The bullet spit in the earth six inches from the wolf, who bounded away over the prairie.

The train waited until he was out of sight, the passengers climbed back aboard. and picked up its journey where it had been left off. The next stop was caused by a man on horseback standing on the middle of the track and waving his bat.

"Where am I?" the man wanted to know. "I'm from Michigan, I don't know the country, and I'm lost."

The stranger's horse was badly fagged, and the conductor advised the man to take the railroad track to Jimtown, some six miles away on the Cheyenne River. Jimtown was possessed of one rickety build-ing, used as a hotel. The man led his horse down the track in the direction of Jimtown, and the train resumed its journey. The road had been very well built at that

time, and an hour after meeting the stranger on horseback the train was running through a shallow lake which spread over the track in times of freshet. The train passed through all right with considerable splashing and all went well until the grade on the west side of the lake was

Failing to ascend it the first time, the train was allowed to coast back across the depression, was backed up the grade on momentum of the descent added to the smoky energy of the engine the grade was tried again. The fourth attempt saw the train crawl slowly over the crest.

But the hard work had told on the locomotive, and pretty soon it broke down and refused to pull the train even on a level. It was tinkered up so that it would run without any weight behind it, and the cars and passengers were left standing where they were this was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon-until the next noon, when another engine arrived and pulled them to Bismarck, which was at that time a one street town. A stretch of a mile separated it from the Missouri River-somebody owned the intervening ground and wouldn't

The appointment to Fort Stephenson had not yet been declined, and Mr. Casselberry ed to go up there and look over the respects. There was a boat running between Hismarck and Fort Stephenson.

Mr. Casselberry looked up the captain of the boat, whom he found in a saloon and gambling house—the two being usually combined in the region-and asked him when he would make the trip. The captain pointed to a pile of money before him.
"Dunno," he answered. "I've made \$400

here since yesterday morning, and it wouldn't pay me to run the boat while my luck lasts." So Mr. Casselberry sought out a man and

a buckboard and a team of horses. The start was made just before dark.

The only habitation on the whole journey was that of a man known only as Bill. Bill was a bright looking, well educated chap, very patently out of his element in the rough region in which he lived. It was believed that he had "done suthin'," but they were not curious in the Dakotas in those

The trader reached Bill's ranch at daybreak, and unable to rouse Bill by pounding the game hung door of the small shack Mr. Casselberry fired his rifle, the usual method of announcing the presence of somebody. About 500 feet from the shack was a huge haystack. There was a cautious move-ment on the top of the stack and Bill ap-peared rifle in hand.

When he learned that all that was wanted was breakfast for men and horses he threw down the gun and became chef. He explained that he felt safer sleeping on the hay-stack, as no one could approach him there

without being seen. There were about 6,000 Sioux at Standing Rock at this time. To provide them with meat the Government had 100 steers slaughone of the treats in the Indians' life.

The 100 steers were driven into a corral on the east side of the river and a thousand Indians with their rifles would post themselves at the fence. After the cattle were shot down the Indians would stack their rifles and leap over the fence and dress them. occasionally eating a tongue or other savory morsel on the spot. After the chiefs had nade the distribution the squaws dragged the meat home.

Saturday afternoon was the race day at the post. The officers stationed there would cross the river on this day to watch the Indians run their ponies. There were two ponies in particular which were the

stars of the local racing.

After some bickerings with their Indian owner Mr. Casselberry bought these two ponies to ship to his stable in Philadelphia. The money was paid after the races one saturday afternoon and the ponies turned into a corral near the fort to wait for the Monday boat to Sioux City, where they would be put on the train.

some officer friends to the corral to see his purchase, but there was no sign of the ponies. He never heard of them again

failed.
On one of his trips later Mr. Casselberry met Gen. Custer at St. Paul and went through to Fort Lincoln with him. On the train, not far from Jimtown, they encountered a man with a team of horses hitched to a wagon and two colts running alongside

colts, frightened at the train, left The colts, frightened at the train, left their dams and their master behind and raced off to keep ahead of the noisy, strange monster. After a race of half a mile a point was reached where the railroad ran very close to the river and the colts, apparently noticing nothing but the train, fell head over heels into the water. They clambered out again bowayer and were clambered out again, however, and were soon after the train. So the engine was stopped, and the con-

ductor, Gen. Custer and Mr. Casselberry succeeded in getting the colts in a corral, Soon the owner on one of the mares came aring down the track and took the colts back with him.
On their arrival at Fort Lincoln

Casselberry spent the night with Gen. Custer and his officers and the next morning started for Standing Rock. Within a day or so Custer began his advance against Sitting Bull.

against Sitting Bull.

At the next killing at Standing Rock it happened that Chief White Horse, who had been acting as a sort of night watchman and scout for the Grant-Casselberry post, and Chief Long Soldier, an Indian who had a local reputation for getting himself and others into trouble, happened to be ranged side by side at the stockade. Long Soldier twitted White Horse with being a slave of the pale face.

to be ranged side by side at the slockade.
Long Soldier twitted White Horse with being a slave of the pale face.
White Horse gave the other chief a stinging blow in the face and both made a dash for their rifles, which had already been stacked prior to the dressing of the beef. Long Soldier got his rifle first, but missed aim and White Horse brought him down with a broken leg. Then White Horse shood over his victim and poured the contents of his magazine into the body.

The whites looked for more trouble between the friends of the dead man and those of his slayer, but it happened that they belonged to the same secret society. The society held a meeting then and there and decided that it had been a fair fight.

It was decreed, however, that White Horse must give all his property, consisting chiefly of ponies and blankets, to the widowed squaw. The decision reached, Long Soldier's body was bundled into a cance along with his squaw and papooses, and the mournful little boatload was paddled away to the west bank where the teness of the camp outlined themselves dled away to the west bank where the tepees of the camp outlined themselves

tepees of the camp against the sky. Three weeks later the funeral was held. Three weeks later the funeral was held. There was a frightful din of dancing an beating tomtoms and wild chants, when a at once the music and the dancing stopped and the Indians in as much excitement as they ever showed began running about in

they ever showed began running about in every direction getting ready to march. Through an interpreter Mr. Casselberry and his companion, the post surgeon, learned that an Indian runner had just brought word that the United States troops were coming down the river from Fort Lincoln to take the Indians' rifles and ponies away from them. The commander of the post was quickly summoned, but of the post was quickly summoned, but his protestations of innocence of any such intention were of no avail.

intention were of no avail.

The following day Mr. Casselberry left for Bismarck. On the road Mr. Casselberry saw half a dozen Indian ponies staked out on the prairie near a guich which was as fine a place for an ambush as any one could

The buckboard, with two men and \$20,000 in currency aboard, rattled through the half mile of the gulch at breakneck speed, but there was no sign of life until just at the there was no sign of life until just at the end of the gulch and over a little rise could be heard the beat of hoofs. Mr. Cassel-berry had his rifle levelled to fire at the first head that showed itself, but dropped the weapon in surprised relief when he saw the uniform of an officer of the United States Army.

Army.

The group of horsemen were officers attached to the command of Gen. Terry at Fort Lincoln, and Mr. Casselberry learned that the Indian runner had told the truth about disarmament and that a substantial force from Fort Lincoln was coming down

force from Fort Land.

to perform the task.

After passing the last of the detail the trader came across an Indian trail, and his driver, a well trained Indian fighter, estidizer, a the number of redskins who had mated the number of redskins who had passed over the trail at 1,500. When Gen. Terry's men reached the encampment at Standing Rock they found no one there but the old men, the squaws and the papooses. The 1.500 fighting men of the encamp

were gone on the warpath.

When Mr. Casselberry reached Fort Lincoln he learned that Gen. Custer and all his his men had been killed. Apparently the news had come after Gen. Terry had left

the fort.

Later the trader went to the old Indian encampment again and found Chief Kill Eagle there in irons. It was believed for a time that he was the Indian who killed Custer. Afterward he was let go.

On the trader's last trip to Standing Rook the Indians' arms had been taken from them and one of the prominent chiefs asked Mr. Casselberry to lend him his rifle to go hunting with. The trader consented. Three chiefs started on the hunting expedition in the morning, taking hunting expedition in the morning, taking along three extra ponies.

They returned the following night with

They returned the following night with eighteen antelopes—all that the three ponies could carry. They had had but the one rife among them.

On this last trip Mr. Casselberry gave a dinner to the Indian chiefs at the post. Chief Two Bear, a well known orator, made

a speech thanking the trader for his treat-ment of the Indians. The speechmaking took place out in front of the store and

took place out in front of the store and all the tribe was on hand.

The trader had put out a dozen bushels of crackers and small cakee in little piles. But although the children eyed the dainties, no one touched anything until, the formal part of the occaison over, the chiefs distributed the cakes. Then all fell to.

There were a dozen chiefs at the table in the back of the store for the dinner. Forks had been provided and each chief clumsily but religiously ate with the unaccustomed implement until by accident one of their number dropped his fork and picked up a morsel in his fingers. Then every chief laid aside his knife and fork carefully and went in with his fingers.

When in 1879 Mr. Casselberry and Mr. Grant sold out their rights at the post to Col. Thompson of Dubuque, Ia., Mr. Casselberry received a letter from the Interior

Department commending his work while at the post and regretting his leaving. He had been responsible for the closing up of Brulé City, the groggery of the post

which had kept the Indians supplied with liquor, and therefore in trouble.

Mr. Casselberry had seen President Grant about the matter of the liquor business and had suggested that the Government extend the reservation fourteen miles to Beaver Creek, which would take in the objectionable Brule City, consisting only of saloons where bad whiskey was sold. The extension was made and the saloons were on was made and the saloons were torn down.

Mr. Casselberry tells his friends he has little use for the traders who swindle the Indians. "There was enough money in Indian trading in those days to satisfy a decent man without swindling them," he says.

Women on Bailroad Track.

From the Boston Herald. "The locomotive engineer has many things to look out for and numerous nerve racking experiences, but there is nothing in the whole category of his troubles that he dreads quite as much as the presence of a woman on the track ahead."

The speaker was Assistant General Manager Hustis of the Boston and Albany. He was riding in his observation engine with a

was riding in his observation engine with a number of officials and reporters on a tour of inspection. A woman crossed the track about 200 yards ahead, hesitated, recrossed and waited till the train passed.

"There," continued Mr. Hustis, "is an illustration of what is happening every day. You saw how the engineer slowed up when he saw that woman on the track. He knew just what she would do. But if he hadn't seen her or anticipated her action she might have had a narrow escape.

"I have ridden thousands of miles on the front of our observation engines and I have seen hundreds of women do that same thing. No one can explain why it is, but if a woman sees a train coming when she is crossing the track she will invariably go across and then change her mind and go back to the place from which she started.

LETTERS THE AVOCATION OF A MINING PROMOTER. invective and Philosophy, Humor and

Tragedy Flowing From the Pen of the Editor of "Goldfield Gossip"-A Bright Spot in the Nevada Gold Mining Camp GOLDFIELD, Nev., Jan. 4 .- New Year's in this strike encircled, soldier guarded mining camp has not been exactly the mer-

riest one on record. But there's one bright spot in Goldfield, its radiance exuding from the person and literary works of one Sydney Flower. Mr. Flower has been a good many things

in his time. Just now he is both editor and promoter. Everybody in Goldfield is a promoter, of course, and most folks are something else as well. Mr. Flower's avocation is that of letters, and his medium of expression is the monthly magazine known an Goldfield Gossip. The range of Mr. Flower's literary talents

wide. He swings from invective to philosophy, from humor to tragedy, with the ease of a pendulum, and the results that e gets in these fields are notable. It's no slouch of a job to run a boom

mining stock and write pretty nearly the whole of a monthly magazine, but he does it. What assistance he receives he ac knowledges in the Christmas number of his magazine in these readable words: As nearly as I can foretell the future

Gossip will be written with the aid of a single contributor besides your edfor, the one occupying that exalted if lonely position being our mutual friend "Malapai Mike, known to his family as Tod Goodwin of Sa Lake City.

Tod has more than a dash of genius

him; witness that little gem of verse of his, beginning "Hello, Little Dandelion," which printed some months ago; and he is a nighty good chap, and popular with everybut he drives me mad with his fondnes for fool dialect verse. Good God, how I hate all dialect! Since he puts off writing his stuff till th

last minute of each issue, he sends it direct to Carson to the printers, and I don't get chance to cut it out. Hence the to curb or direct him does not reside in me, and we can ill afford to do without his But it has occurred to me that what I am upable or unwilling to do you who read these pages can with ease accomplish. Supas Tod Goodwin, Salt Lake City, Utahthat will find him all right-and tell him what you like in his stuff and what you don't Tell him his dialect verse is the wors

ever and beseech him to mend his ways. If Malapai Mike has not a heart of stor t seems certain that after this appeal he

it seems certain that after this appeal he will refrain from assaulting the sensibilities of his boss with dialect verse.

As appears from this quotation, frankness is not the least among the virtues of Mr. Flower. If further proof of this proposition is desired it may be had by noting the editor's published remarks concerning Vincent St. John.

St. John has long occupied a high place in the councils of the Western Federation of Miners. He was among the stormlest of its leaders in the most turbulent days of Cripple Creek and Telluride and he was among the first of the federation topnotchers to get to Goldfield when the boom hit this place.

He is known here, as he was in Colorado, as the most accomplished troublemaker.

as the most accomplished troublemaker in all the ranks of the miners. Fights, dis-putings and riots follow him as night fol-lows day. But Mr. Flower's opinion of St. John is much more to the point. Here it is: A couple of weeks ago there was a shoo

ing affair on Main street, in the course of which, as usual, the innocent bystander got this time in the leg; and Vincent St. John one of the parties in the affair of the shooting in fact the gain who was shot at, escaped with a couple of slight flesh wounds. This man St. John is a stormy petrel; wher-

ever he is there is trouble, either active or brewing. He was the leader among the So cialist element of the Western Federation of Miners here during our troubles last spring, damaged. Mr. St. John will clearly understand that we have no personal grievance against him when we say that it was a great pity that the man holding the gun in the recent shooting did not have sense enough to hold it straight.

Speaking as one who puts the public good foremost in his argument always, Mr. St. John will pardon us for remarking that he would look much better dead. We will add that we should be more than pleased to attend his funeral and see that the last sad rites were decently observed. We will even go a step further and assure him that in the hoped for event of anything sudden in the shape of a bullet overtaking him we will cheerfully subcribe for a wreath for the coffin and count t money well spent.

While the views so candidly expressed here regarding the life, works and appropriate finish of Mrw St. John may be unreservedly applauded, it appears that Mr. St. John did not go altogether unscathed from his encounter. He got a bullet in one arm, blood poisoning followed and Mr. St. John was hurried to Salt Lake City for treatment. He is at ill confined there in a hospital. He is still confined there in a hospital.

A gentleman for some time resident in this camp took a notion recently that he was tired of life and he thereupon took effective steps to end it. Here is Mr. Flower's obit-

uary notice: Despondent because the Polly and Betay nine of Goldfield, of which he was superin tendent, had shut down, a man in this town actually blew the top of his head off with a shotgun. With the act itself we have nothing to do, but with the cause of the act we are concerned as with any other mystery

of the working of the mind human. Why a man should commit suicide because of anything that the Polly and Betsy does or does not do passes our comprehension. Any man who could find it in his heart to offer himself as a sacrifice on the altar of such a feeble proposition as the Goldfield Polly and. Betsy must have been seriously affected mentally.

Had it been anything but the Polly and Betsy, his act, foolish and reasonless as it must have been in any case, might have provoked in all who heard of it a feeling of

But the Polly and Betsy-that measly old milk and water affair, run by Colorado Springs people; that tottering and doddering image of senile imbecility; that sickly wash drawing of a pallid prospect—shall a man blow a hole in his head for the sake of such a joke as the Polly and Betsy? Why, here's a marvellous thing, my masters. The act itself a tragedy, the motive a monstrous jest. It's an incredibly marvellous thing.

Naturally the financial stringency that has naturally the linancial stringency that has included this district in its operations comes in for some comment from the trenchant pen of Mr. Flower. He puts it in the form of "Leaves From a Broker's Diary," like

November 1-Looked up bank account o-day. Find I'm \$800 overdrawn. Bank reported in a bad way. Sorry. November 2-Man called at office with bill. Asked for payment. Had him arrested for a dangerous lunatic. November 3-Customer came in to buy

some stock; office force fainted. November 4-Funny man propounded query: "Would you rather have a gold piece without a motto or a motto without a gold piece?" Kicked him for luck. November 5-Borrowed \$2. Credit still good.

November 8-Borrowed 50 cents. Gloomy November 7-Borrowed a dime. Thell with

November 8-Stopped eating.

November 9-To the Salvation Army. Hallelujah! But Mr. Flower does not confine his lit-erary endeavors exclusively to the creative field. He frequently does something in the critical line. The Christmas number of

Goseip, for example, contains this strong and tactful effort on the editor's part to im-prove the style of his colleagues in the work of seeing that the world is kept con-stantly informed about Goldfield's possi-bilities and performances: THE FAMOUS OARSMAN COACHED FOUR VARSITY CREWS.

(2) 1 PERCURATE STREET OF THE STREET OF THE

Far be it from us to cavil at what is accepted

as the existing order of things by all good scribes, but we acknowledge a slight feeling

of fatigue at the eternal and everlastingly

similar terminology of mining news so called

We offer to the Goldfield Press Club the suggestion that a little activity of research in the

to our calling as descriptive writers on mining

patient to the point of martyrdom.

We ask, for instance, and maintain that the

demand is just and reasonable, that we be not again compelled to swallow the follow-ing too oft repeated dose. Even the worm

Extract from news letter, market letter,

or any old thing on mining:
"The owners are of the opinion that the
present excellent showing on the property
will justify the erection of a mill for the

Think of having that for breakfast, lunch, upper and midnight mass every day in the

"At the 300 foot level the shaft entered

highly mineralized dyke, which gave abundant evidence of silicification. The owners

are confident that further crosscutting will

Great stuff, isn't it? We would suggest as

an amendment to the above that the scribe

give a slightly humorous turn to his report, something after the following order:

"The owners are confident from close per-

Some little twist of this kind would do s

ot toward lightening the burdens of some

Not to be mean about it, and just to show

that we really do wish to be helpful in this

matter, we offer the following to our friend

Gottwalt, himself a scribe of eminence and

just now operating a lease on the Combins

tion of the merger ground:
Thus, Gottwait: "I personally visited th

lease yesterday, and discovered on looking down the shaft a remarkable outline of rock,

being an almost exact reproduction in profile of the head of Dante. I came away much

sed with the future of this ground."

We should take kindly to some classical

touch of this kind, Gott, and beg you to give

BREAKING IN A LOCOMOTIVE.

Tried First in the Yards and Later Sent

Out on Regular Runs.

Few persons outside the realm of the oper

ting department of a railroad know any

thing of the ofttimes vexatious peculiari-ties and not infrequently seemingly intelli-

gent capers of a locomotive when being

broke" to its mission in the world. Each

new engine must undergo a set training or

est before it is put into actual service, and

each locomotive which has gone through the

shops for repairs is given a certain working

out before it is returned to its erstwhile duties

Some locemotive manufacturing companie

omplete their engines ready for actual service

before sending them out, others ship them to

and they are completed in the shops of the road to which they are delivered.

When a new enging is taken into a shop it is turned over to a mechanic whose duty it is to

it 't up and make all connections and adjust

ments of the interior mechanism. This com

pleted, the engine is turned over to a fireman

who steams it up and blows it off in order to remove any grease that might have accum-

ated in the boiler or any such foreign sul tance as might cause a boiler to "foam" while

a service. The engine is then turned over to

The engine is steamed up again, and if it will

run is taken for a little tryout about the yard.

The science of locomotive building has been

developed to such a fine point that there

day and the steam is again blown from th

The engine is then steamed up and taken

to draw. If it runs all right the tonnage is

gradually increased to 950 tons. The tonnage

depends greatly upon the size of the engine

The average engine of to-day will draw about

950 tons on a mountainous road and from

Heating is one of the principal diseases

an engine, and it is this feature the engineer

looks to more than anything else. The me

chanical sense of the engineer is so de

veloped that he can detect the least defect

for the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad Company, breaks on an average

breaking engines for this company for the

WINDMILL SIGNALLING

aluable for Military Purposes, the Dutel

Government Has Discovered.

From the Windsor Magazine.

To the casual observer viewing a Dutch landscape there is nothing to arrest the at-

tention in the fact that possibly one or more out of a dozen windmills in sight are to all

appearances simply standing idle while the

If one watches the sails of the idle mills

closely it may perhaps be noticed that they

move slightly from time to time and then re-

main for a while at a different angle. If this

is so the miller is in all probability engaged in holding a conversation with the propri-

away, in fact possibly barely visible on the

Quite recently the Dutch Government car-

ried on a series of experiments in order to ascertain the value of windmill signalling

for military purposes, and were surprise

to find that communication could readily be

established with far distant centres and that

confidential messages could be sent on from one mill to another and so forwarded through-

out the length and breadth of Holland in an

incredibly short time by means of secret codes

known only to the millers themselves.

These codes have been handed down from

generation to generation and jealously guarded from outsiders with all the intense

conservatism for which the provincial Dutch

are proverbial. Apart, however, from these

secret codes, understood only by the millers and local groups of mill owners, there exists

a series of windmill signals with which every

one of the inhabitants of the country dis

working suddenly and the miller be seen to come out and with the aid of a long pole

with an iron hook at the end like a gigantic boathook reach up and drag down the de-

tain position. Every one knows immediately

that some accident has happened to the

wooden machinery of the mill and that the

services of the local carpenter are required.

Signing Pledge Illegal,

From the Philadelphia Bulletin

At times, for instance, a mill may stop

tricts is familiar.

etor of the other mill, which may be

others continue their never ending task.

speed is from 1 to 20 miles an hour.

about his engine.

John Miller, who is the "locomotive by

wenty engines each month. He has

ast five years.

its first trial. The main feature in the

little danger now of an engine "bucking" or

From the Chattanooga Times

it earnest thought.

reveal possibilities of ore bearing strata.

But that's nothing. Listen to this one

treatment of the ore at no distant date.

rection of something new in words relating

pics would merit the grat tude of a public

He Had One Very Successful Year With the New Yorkers-Always Keen in His Dislike for Courtney of Cornell-One of His Stories of His Own Prowess

When Edward Hanian, who died recently in Toronte, was coach of the Columbia crews he and Charles E. Courtney, the Cornell coach, used to have some lively arguments. Their disagreements dated back to their own single sculling days, when the invincible Hanlan was beating them all. As a coach Courtney seemed to have a little the edge on Hanlan. There was always the most intense and not always

pleasant rivalry between these two mer

when Hanlan was Columbia's coach. The first year that Hanlan was identified with rowing at Columbia was 1900. He came there eleven days before the race at Poughkeepsie, the New Yorkers having been handled more or less inefficiently through all the important part of the sea son by Dr. Walter B. Peet, who resigned on June 10 and was succeeded for nine days by William A. Meikleham, an old Co-

lumbia oar. Naturally at the time when all the other colleges were putting on merely the finish. ing touches Hanlan had to be working hardand any one who knows rowing will realize that it is impossible to do much with men who have been treated under two other systems of rowing in the few preceding months. But the Columbia crew, from worse than useless, improved sufficiently under Hanlan to be better than disgraced in the race.

The varsity crew at least beat out George town and was only four seconds behind Cornell, which was third. At that time in intercollegiate rowing Pennsylvania was supreme, and Hanlan's few days that year with Columbia were followed by the third successive victory for the Quakers. Wisconsin was second.

The following year Hanlan was all alone in the management of the Columbia crews. That was a memorable year for the New York oarsmen.

On the Hudson, with a strong tide off their boathouse, they covered four miles under 18 minutes, away under the collegiate record for this country of 19 minutes 29 record for this country of 19 minutes 29 seconds. When they got up to Pough-keepsie for their last few days before the race. Hanlan, who always was accustomed to talking large about his crews, said that they would win and win surely.

That riled Courtney, whose prestige had been seriously affected by three defeats, and he and Hanlan had some interesting verbal tits.

verbal tilts.

Those who remember the sculling days

of the two men and the incident of Court-ney's boat being sawed in two the night before he was to have had a deciding race with the Toronto sculler will be able to imagine how Courtney felt when Hanlan

imagine how Courtney felt when Hanlan said publicly:

"Oh, Courtney, he had no nerve as an oaraman, but he could row pretty. That's the way his crews will be. My fellows go into a race thinking they can win the way I used to."

Only a brief time before the race the Columbia crew was sent over the Pough-keepsie course. The tide is not nearly so strong there as down near New York, but when the Columbia time was announced as 19 minutes and 4 seconds, under the as 19 minutes and 4 seconds, under the record for that water, Courtney laughed at it.
"They never did it." he said. "That's
one of Hanlan's bluffs. Why, any orew
that can do that has the race won now."

that can do that has the race won now."

His words might have come true had not Hanlan in the exuberance of his spirits been tempted a little too far.

A day before the regatta a party of Columbia graduates visited the boathouse. It was in the morning and warm, but Hanlan said.

is to see that there is no heating in the journals or rod brasses. If there is no heating the engine is run about the yards for about half "This is a great crew. Wait a bit and I'll show you what they can do."
He turned the men out and they rowed for one mile in marvellous time. It was a fine exhibition, but the harm was done. If they had had the following day the energy they burned up there Columbia might have for a long run on the main line. If during this test there are no capers cut the engine

It was the best race that year—1901—that ever was held on the Hudson, outside of last year's marvellous tussle between Cornell and another Columbia crew, coached on that occasion by one of Hanlan's pupils, Jim Rice. Cornell, Columbia and Wisonsin came to the three mile mark lapped but Cornell worked away and won. Cornell's time was 18 minutes 53 1-5 seconds, something under the race record. Columbia was five seconds behind. So

that it appeared very plainly that Hanlan had the goods. Success made the old man careless, and Success made the old man careless, and although his crew was third the next year, it 1903, perhaps because of bad judgment on the part of the stroke oar, it was absolutely last. Columbia is for a winner but against a loser, and so Hanlan dropped out of Columbia rowing.

against a loser, and so hause the place of Columbia rowing.

Himself fond of ale and beer, he never denied them to his men in training, and there was much talk of his laxity in that respect. He himself defended his position by saying: "I was able to win no matter what I ate and drank." Why shouldn't these

boys do the same?"

He was fond of pointing all morals and He was fond of pointing all morals and tales with personal reference, and always instanced his own prowess as typical of what ought to be expected of all college carsmen. He had some tall stories with which he regaled the Columbia carsmen. One of his favorites was about a sculling race in which he rowed with a man of great ability, only less great than his own naturally.

"I said to this fellow before he started, Hanlan would say, "that I'd stop and wait for him if he got too far behind. Well, do you know I got so interested in the race I forgot all about him until I got to the turn and then I remembered. "Thinks I, I'm a bit hungry and thirsty.
Then I remembered I put a couple of sandwiches and a bottle of wine in the boat
before I started, and I got one of the sandwiches and ate it there while I waited at
the stake.

the stake. "Well, after a while along comes this fellow all hot and puffing and I said: 'Stop a bit and have a bite.' 'No,' says he kind of short. 'Well, then, have a drink,' I said, offering him the bottle wouldn't have that either.

"He wouldn't have that either. He spiked and went on rowing away and I sat there and finished my food and drink. Then I took after him and I forget just how far I beat him."

That extraordinary tale had some modicum of truth in it, because Hanlan in his best days could afford to give most of them a big start.

He rarely if ever had a kind word to say for Courtney and appeared to dislike the

for Courtney and appeared to dislike the Cornell coach more as years went on. It was a source of chagrin to him that his Columbia crews never beat a Cornell crew.

Whatever conclusions may be drawn from the brief description of Hanlan ways at Columbia, he was very popular there. Sometimes profane as a coach, he justified that by saying that the boys ought to respect any one who was so much better at the game they were trying than he was invested.

himself.

He used to get out in pair oared boats with the men for tubbing. Any man who could put him around had a chance to make the crew, and Hanlan, despite his indulgence in praise of himself, was a powerful oar all his days. It was his laxity of habit that helped to cost him his place, but Hanlan always will be remembered by a group of Columbia oarsmen and others who came in contact with him as a bluff, hale fellow, game to the core and just the blustering, gingery type of man that blustering, gingery type of man that Columbia carsmen needed to have over

Trem the Philadelphia Bulletin.
The clergyman recorded complacently the twenty-seventh New Year pledge taking.
"Excellent work. A glorious day," he said.
"And yet do you know that there was once a time when all this sort of thing was criminal?"
"Not"
"Yes. It was in India, at the beginning of the English occupation. Medical men believed in those days that a white man "Not"

"Yes. It was in India, at the beginning of the English occupation. Medical men believed in those days that a white man could not live in India without drinking. They thought he needed half a pint of whiskey, or its equivalent, every day. And they insisted on his taking it.

"Temperance societies, total abstinence and the signing of the pledge were things forbidden in India. Such things were thought injurious to the white man's health out there. Hence to go in for them was to be arrested, fined, imprisoned, banished.

"But to-day in India total aberinence is encouraged, for it has been found that the abstainer stands the heat far better than does the man who drinks." Charley Neizer, Steve Nash, Hal Town-send, Willow Weekes, Maxy Stevenson, Pete Jackson, Bob Bartholomew and Fred Irvine are Columbia oarsmen who will remember Hanlan with feelings of sorrov at his passing out. It will come as a hard blow to Jim Rice, the present Columbia coach, who was one of his most intimate friends. It was only recently that Robert C. Sands, Dr. Peet and Rice were planning rounion with Hanlan. SOUNDPROOF ROOMS.

sean Mefuge From Thunder If Mrs. Isaac L. Rice is opposed to noise

so also is Mr. Rice, at least when he is play ing chess. In the house on Riverside Drive which he has just sold there is one noise proof room.

it is hewn out of solid rock under the house and its roof and entrances are so arranged that no hoise can reach the ocoupants. The room was built to gratify Mr. Rice's cheas habits. Every week for some time the leading players of New York met there.

There is another subterranean room in Westchester mansion. The idea was to create a room light and sound proof to be used as a place of seclusion when lightning flashed and thunder roared and the elements made things generally uppleasant for people who had nerves.

It is said that hardly a sound of the heaviest thunder reaches the ears of any occupant. Candles light it

TIPS NECESSARY IN MEXICO. A Nuisance That Even the Governmen Cannot Suppress.

From the Mexican Herald. There is no city in the world where what may be called "tip mania" has become so deeply rooted as among the people of the city of Mexico.

The tipping habit is becoming a law which, of course, is better observed by those who are to receive the tips. If you fail to tip any one who has rendered you a service even if you have already paid a high price for it, you are liable to be insulted and abused Summon a cargador, arrange with him for the transportation of a bundle, and i after the work is done and the price agree upon is paid you do not give him his "aguital" you will be insulted, and that cargador, nor any of his friends, will ever do any work

for you. Restaurant waiters, barbers, coachmen bootblacks, porteros, mozos everybody wants a tip, and they all have special names to call those who do not give tips. For nstance, at a restaurant they are called 'jamones" (hams) or beefsteaks; at a barber shop "musicos" (musicians); by coachmen something that would not look well in print; by bootblacks "chivos" (bucks) and porteros "sinverguenzas."

Such warning is enough. No one in the group will render services, giving as an excuse that he is very busy (mi jefecito, stoy muy ocupado ahorita).

However, all these people have fou easy way to compel people who have not fallen into the habit of giving tips to exploit them, and "volis nelis" they have to open their purse. After 10 o'clock at night cabe charge

double fare. Any one who takes a cab at say en minutes to 10 and discharges it fifteen minutes after 10 is compelled to pay half an hour at regular day rates and another half an hour at night rates. If a cargador is sent on an errand, he some times will spend balf of the day at a

pulque foint, and will return saying that either he could not find the house or the person whom he was to see. Then he exacts additional payment for "time lost. Restaurant waiters double the price of articles consumed, especially if they are not included in the bill of fare, which happens

Bootblacks seldom have change, and if ent to get it one often never sees them again.
As to porteros, their most efficacious means compel people living in their houses to give them a tip is to refuse to open the door to wait for a long time, and when in the chai they are either tortured by dull razors of barbers take more time than would be re quired to shave the entire body of a bull.

Besides these tips there are the gifts which have to be made on different days of the year to servants or people who in any capacity render their services. New year, the "aft nuevo": January 6, the "santos reves": Feb ruary 2, the "candelarita"; March 19, the "San Josesito": Holy Saturday, the "Judas": June 24, the "San Juanito"; feast of Corpus Christi, the "mulita"; August 15, the "Ascension" September 15, the "Independencia"; Novem ber 1, the "Calavera": December 12, the "Gau-dalupe," and December 25, the "Aguinaldo." deliver the paper at home, letter carriers. butchers, tailors, shoemskers, everybody expects to receive a gift of some kind, prefer-

The tip question has become such a nuisance Mexico city that some time ago the gov ernment of the Federal district announced that cabmen, cargadors, mecapaleros, &c. who accepted tips, would be discharged. Un-fortunately the public prefers to tip all these people rather than to hear themselves called by the far from sweet names that such people

THE WINDS OF THE WORLD. Fight Between the Monsoons - Local

Breezes and Some of Their Effects. From the Singapore Free Press. Being credibly informed the other day by a queer old man of the seafaring persuasion that the southeast monsoon was still fighting the northeast monsoon to see which would conquer, and the information followed by a dissertation on the failure of the last sea sports owing to the same perversity of a veteran lagging superfluous on the stage when he ought to have left the boards empty for the keen northeaster, it occurred to me that there was a considerable amount of information to be obtained about winds without discoursing on windiness.

Until one actually experiences it there is a

lot of romance hanging around the sutskirts

of the word moonson. We speak of the monsoon being late or early, of the east coast being practically closed, but unless we go down to the ses in ships the wind affects us but little. In the great continents of India and Australia, however, the breaking of the rains is a matter of real moment, of general interest to every one, of painful and keenest anxiety to many, and in such cases the word is fraught with a meaning which is greater than ever book conveyed to the mind of Apart from the winds of regular habit there are the many local winds which occur in different parts of the world and are generally unkind in character. Of such may be mentioned the Simoon, Sirocco, Harmattan the Puna of Peru, the bitter northeaster o Britain, the Mistral of Marseilles and that coast, the Pampero of the Andes. all these local breezes, though in fact they are oftentimes gales of some velocity, many curious effects are coupled, and one of the most noticeable of these is that the blowing of the genuine por'easter at home is always coincident with the greatest number of death

from consumption and brain disease.

There is here opened up a wide field of most interesting research for the curiou in weather study and humanity lore, for the effect of wind on sentient beings has never been as deeply considered as it might be Thus in the lower planes of life the animals are distinctly affected by winds, and in particular cats, as any one will remember they consider the peculiarities of cats when high winds are blowing. Cattle, too, are sus-ceptible to winds, and possibly more to the premonition of wind, while the blowing of a nor'wester will exhilarate some temperaments in a manner not quite the same anything else will.

Soldiers' and Sallers' Bank Deposits. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It's odd, the different sources of bank de-posits," remarked George Lomnitz. "For example," he said, "we receive thousands of dollars every year from Cleveland men in the army and navy. The amounts range from \$5 a month from privates to \$30 or more from some

month from privates to \$30 or more-from some of the officers.

"Most of this is sent to us direct by the paymaster of the army or navy as the case may be. Just now we are getting a lot of money from men in the navy on this cruise to the Pacific. The paymaster makes out a list of the various deposits and sends slong a check to cover the total amount. Thus the men draw their pay and deposit it without ever seeing it. Their pass books, in a good many cases, are left right here."

BREAKING A YOKE OF STEER

A STRENUOUS EXPERIENCE CITY BOYS DO NOT KNOW.

Boy and Steer Yoked Together-The Per-

plessing Puzzie of Turning the Yoke, Which Camot Be Done Backward —On the Road With the On Team. Dramas of the ox yoke variety are not o popular now in New York as they were a few years ago," said a man who came dawn from the hills when the Western Union Building was on the skyline of lower New

York from every point of view. "In those

days any drama of country life that intro-

duced a yake of steers was a go. "The theatres relied, as they now do, considerably upon the patronage of country visitors in town, and it is a queer fact that anything somewhat resembling what they were used to seeing every day up country interested them greatly when shown on the stage of a New York theatre. I can ascount for this only in one way.

"To-day I happen to be near by when

some minor street accident occurs. I know pretty nearly all about it; but the most interesting things to me in to-morrow's newspapers are what they print concerning the accident that I know almost all about. In the same way those of us who came from the ox yoke regions were always in terested in the ox yoke drama, poor as it

was as an imitation of the real thing. "Perhaps our interest was due to the fact that there was enough of realism in the play to recall to our remembrance what we had ourselves experienced. Did any one of you ever break a yoke of steers?" the talker abruptly asked.

There was no affirmative nod or utter

"Then you have missed one of the strenuous experiences of boy life on a farm. said the man who was doing most of the talking. "In the spring, when the calves come along, the farmer's boy used to beand still is, up among the hills-permitted to pick out two bull calves that were to be the making of a yoke of steers.

"He knew their pedigrees and could make a good guess as to what they were likely to turn out to be, as to size and disposition. He selected them with some otion also as to appropriateness of marking-two white noses, a white star in the forehead of each, or something like that. "From the time of this selection they

are the boy's yoke of steers. When winter comes he sees that they have extra feed and are bedded with clean straw every night "He nets them and curries them as he would a fine colt, and in the spring they come out two fine yearlings. It is then

that the strenuous part of his experience with them begins.

"He has a light cedar yoke with slender bows of hickory. He has decided which of the young steers is to be the smaller. That one is to be driven on the left side, the nigh side to the driver walking at the left

"He begins the operation of breaking with the other steer, the larger one. He puts the right end of the cedar yoke over the neck of this one, slips the bow in from beneath and keys it. Meanwhile the pet steer is chewing the leather straps on the boy's cowhide boot tops and wondering what it is all about.

what it is all about.

"The boy holds the other end of the yeke, taking the place of the nigh steer, switches the yoke steer on the back with a small ox whip and says 'Geddap.' The steer looks around and tries to take the switch in his mouth. But at length the boy manages to make the steer understand what the game is, and they mog sedately around the barnyard—a team composed of a nigh boy and an off steer.

"The same instruction is given to the

other steer, excepting that the boy has the off end of the yoke and the steer the night "Then the steers are ready to be yoked together and the trouble begins. The boy has no difficulty in getting the steers side by side and putting the yoke over their

tacks, save that there are two steers nib-bring at his boot straps while he is slipping in the bows and fastening them.

"Then he steps back and looks at his yoke of steers. At the same time the steers edge their hind quarters apart and look at each "The yoke prevents them coming face to

face, and they do not understand the situa-tion. Each seems to think the other is to blame, and they begin to spin around like "It is then up to the boy to do something.

"It is then up to the boy to do something. He tries to quiet them and line them up again side by side. But they break into a run, going sidewise like two tangled crabs.

"They kick up the barnyard straw and bang against the board fence. They fall in a heap and roll over each other, and when they get to their feet the yoke is turned.

"Ever see steers turn their yoke?" the story teller asked. "No? Well, it's like one of these puzzles that you bother with for an hour and can't do it, and that suddenly of these puzzles that you bother with for an hour and can't do it, and that suddenly comes out all right and you don't know how.

"When the yoke is turned the beam is under their necks and the bows are on top. I have tried to figure out how they do it, and the only way I can fetch it is this. They get around facing each other as nearly as the yoke will let them, and one of them does a somersault, landing on his back; the other describes something like the spiral of Archimedes and also lands on his bark; then both turn their necks in the

his back; then both turn their necks in the bows and get up with the yoke under their "No boy can straighten out a yoke of

"No boy can straighten out a yoke of steers after the yoke has been turned except by taking off the yoke and lining them up again side by side. Usually two or three times turning the yoke satisfies the steers, and they submit gently to the rest of the breaking process.
"During the summer the boy drives his yoke of steers to a stone boat and draw slabs and posts down to a small dam in the pasture where he is putting up a mill to saw pumpkin vines into cordwood. to saw pumpkin vines into cordwood. When winter comes his steers are so well broken that he puts a pole in an old cutter. gets in, tucks the blanket around his legs and drives his team over to the post office for the mail, driving them by his gee-haw-ing or by a touch of the whip.

"By the next winter the steers are fine big fellows with brass buttons on their

horns and can pull many times their weight in sawlogs on a sled through the snow."

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "There is no line in which more care must be exercised than in selling diamonds," remarked one of the oldest dealers in Cleve-land. "For instance, we don't dare show a man a larger stone than he can afford to

"Even a diamond a carat or a carat and a half in size looks like a mighty small affair to pay so much money for, and if a man comes in expecting to pay \$75 for a diamond he may get disgusted and not buy at all if the salesman shows him something a little larger for \$200. The salesman, if he knows his business, will find to a certainty just how much a customer is willing to pay before he shows him anything.

"Then it's better not to show a colored stone, such as a ruby or an emerald or a bitish diamond in connection with other diamonds. If you show some customers a colored stone and then put it away and show him a good white diamond he will declare that the diamond is of color. It does not seem to be a whim so much as the effect on the aves of the colors in the stones." Even a diamond a carat or a carat and a

Woman Policeman Watches Excursionists From the Young Woman.

Norway has the distinction of possessing the only genuine "woman policeman," duly commissioned, regularly patrolling a post. ommissioned, regularly partitions a possiShe is Miss Nigiren, is scarcely out of her
teens, to judge by her looks, and does not
give the impression of being very ataletis,
though she is by no means frail. Her station
is on the Island of Noakim, where she owns

a small farm.

Her duty is to guard the Government's agricultural experiment station, drill grounds and quarry, and especially to see that excursionists commit no depredations.